

are but the outbursts of the pent up sins of youth. It is found that the large majority of criminals become such before twenty-one years of age. At that age one becomes cautious and takes fewer risks. So, also do the large majority of those who become Christians follow Christ in youth.

The only explanation of the sudden fall of some Christians is that they were overcome by the accumulated force of the hidden sins of youth. The Psalmist made God his portion from his youth and became "a man after God's own heart." Yet the sins of youth overcame him at times of great temptation and brought forth such bitter fruit in his sons that the heart-broken cry was forced from him concerning Absalom: "Is the young man safe?"

Nothing is more blessed than to be able to say of a young man, "He is safe," sound in growth. One does not care to ask so much, "Does he inherit wealth?" "Is he well educated?" "Is he smart?" as "Is he safe?" "Can he be trusted?" Trusted with himself and his future, as well as with property and confidence. A merchant could find any number of boys who were said to be smart, but only one who was faithful.

To be able to say that a young man is safe, he must have formed a character for manliness and godliness, which promises a fixed course of right thought and action and life with corresponding growth.

And nothing except the regenerating grace of God can so change and fix the character and life. No young man can save himself, nor can it be said of him that he is safe, until he is saved in Jesus Christ. The sins of youth will bring forth a harvest of sins in after life, unless the grace of God intervenes.—*New York Evangelist.*

THE PREFERENCES OF CHILDREN.

There was once a little girl, dark-eyed and intense, who, now that she is a white-haired woman, remembers how unhappy she was made during a whole Winter by being compelled to wear a certain odd-looking cloak to school. The cloak was warm and comfortable; it was also quaintly pretty; but it was not in fashion. A thrifty mother in

anticipation of a mode which actually came into vogue twenty years later, manufactured the little maid's cloak out of a gay tartan shawl, matching the brilliant plaids with precision, and trimming sleeves and collar and the garment's hem with long-knotted fringe. It was really a very striking garment. The cloak was wadded and lined and quilted. It was a marvel of comfort.

But the child who wore it was wretched, feeling herself a target for every eye, knowing that whole squares of people would say: "There comes Gertrude. She has that odd plaid woolen cloak on, made out of a shawl. Fancy!" She fretted and fumed and cried over her cloak; rubbed it against rails to tear it, and against paint to spot it, with only one burning wish, like fire in her veins, that some unfortunate fate would separate her and her torment. The cloak gave the child a miserable winter.

All this was forty years ago, when parents felt that "discipline must be maintained." Secretly, the mother lamented the hour when she had invested her little one in the clothing which had proved so great a trial, but she felt that it would be weak and silly to indulge Gertrude by the purchase of another cloak. She feared, to, encourage vanity. The cloak was not laid aside till the snows melted and the spring came. Over the gulf of two-score years the child, herself the mother of girls, keenly recalls the experiences of that winter, and in her own practice always consults her children's preference in choosing their clothing. They are allowed to exercise their own taste as to colors, the mother wisely recognizing the fact that, once arrayed to their liking, they will think little more about the matter.

Should not childish preferences have the same respect shown them which we courteously accord to the wishes and sentiments, even to the random caprices, of those who are mature in years and judgment? A child's vanity is far more sedulously cultivated, his self-consciousness and consequent awkwardness far more certainly insured, by exalting clothing into a concern of great importance and by ignoring a child's expressed fancies, than by treating the whole thing as of comparatively small account.

HE LEARNED POLITENESS.

This good story, told in a St. Louis news-paper, is an illustration of the fact that he who is not polite through principle will taste some bitter experiences before he learns to be polite through policy:

Two ladies boarded the train at a way station, and by some mistake were ushered into the Pullman car. That they were ladies was plain from their manner and their modest, refined faces, but their old-fashioned dress indicated that they were poor.

My lord in brass buttons sallied up to them with an officious air, and finding out their mistake, began to show his insolence. He did not notice a gentleman who had entered the car at the same station, and now stood near the door quietly observing the scene.

The porter had not gone far with his rudeness before the gentleman advanced upon him.

"Be seated, ladies," he said, "until we reach the next station, when you can easily enter the other car."

Then he beckoned to the conductor, and said: "Stop the train."

"Here, captain?" asked the conductor. "Yes, here."

There was a pull at the bell-rope, the train stopped, and the next moment the porter was on the track, and the gentleman was saying to him:

"Now walk the fifteen miles to Dallas, and study politeness as you trudge along. You are no longer in our employ."

Expostulations were useless and the train moved off, leaving the ex-porter to follow on foot. The man who had given him the lesson was a high official of the road.

"God will either shield us from temptation, or give us strength to resist it."

When Christ brings His cross He brings His presence; and where He is none are desolate, and there is no room for despair. As He knows His own, so He knows how to comfort them, using sometimes the very grief itself, and straining it to a sweetness of peace unattainable by those ignorant of sorrow.—*E. B. Browning.*